that I'm thinking about, Judith.

Y OCTAVE THANET

HUNTER came back from the

g at almost 12 o'clock, dead

and brought him in a steam-

without asking a question, Judith id been out at service before she

Billy, and she had learned a good

besides cooking beef to a d eight rooms in the house, if de the lean-to, which was such

It was a very good house

It was beautiful to sit on their

ghed before he drams the cof-wife, still saying no word, he short curis which his hat on his forchead. He patted She was a tall woman, as tall of a fine supple figure. Her cery bright and her skin very the had delicate, friegular fea-ne one ever found fault with larity.

that I'm thinking about, and the kid," said Hunter, he head toward the open door, sich one could see a cradic-

to win; so he got them to ap-

SALT LAKE CITY, SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 11, 1904.

CONSCIENCE JALDERMAN MCGINNIS. by

Octave Thanet.

years. Well I remember my poor mother fetching me to Moore, who was foreman then, and his promising me a job. I began at a dollar and fifty cents a week, and I was that proud—oh, Judy. I'll be lost without the shop! One day Hollister, the old man himself, went through any seen me at a casting. That's a good job you're making, 'Hunter, says he. He remembered my name. He knows a good things about the old man, if he is pig-headed.' Alderman's paving contracts (his own private avocation was that of a contractor); she whispered how he led junketing parties of Aldermen on visits to other cities, at the expense of rival railways, hoping to hauf rival brikmakers' brick, and how they partook freely of hospitality, both soided and liquid, furnished them, somehow, she declared aloud, he was in every 'job' ever passed by the City Counell. But the Eighth ward, after every explosion of virtue on the part of his fellow citizens oniside, grinned and re-elected Alderman McGinnis.

It was in the latest unsuccessful assault that young Harry Lossing had locked Horns with the popular Alderman—and been defeated. He had spent days running about the town, marshaling the lamguid and reluctant forces of the "decent citizens" against a certain paving contract of the Alderman's and the when he alderman was too strong for him in the Council, had defed him in his own ward. Therefore, McGinnis had been elected by the council had defed him in his own ward. Therefore, McGinnis had been elected by after more than the usual majority, and that was how it came to pass that poor

Harry. "McGinnis doesn't mean to risk his popularity or his job. He has no more conscience than a saloon sign. I'll drop you wherever you say, and Hunter and I will go to Hollister—I know he's at the office this morning—and we'll talk to him as two honest men to a third, and we may do comething."

"I may not be an honest man," said formmy quietly, "but if you let me, I'll go with you. I can't help it if I didn't find Mae."

Mac."

They drove along the wide street lined on either side by one and two-story houses, many of them freshly painted, all with their little gardens. There were few people on the streets. The plain church, with the gleaming red walls and white spire that bore aloft the symbol of sacrince and peace, sent forth a single peal of bells. Tommy, half unconsciously, bent his head and crossed himself. He looked up and saw the grim walls of the great foundry where Hollister meant to run his own business. The smallest of the doors opened, through which four men emerged in a huddle. One of them swung the door half open again, for a parting speech. He was a portly man, still young, with black curls that shone in the sun. He wore a dazzling spring suit of gray flannel and a scarlet tie, one one large, white hand swing a gold-headed cane.

"If there isn't Mac himself!" exclaimed

"If there isn't Mac himself" exclaimed

"If there isn't Mac himself" exclaimed Tommy.

"And Robb and Johnny and Luke with him" gasped Hunter.

The three men looked up and nodded. Johnny Mellin bestowed a furtive wink and smile on the astonished Hunter, who harely noticed him, for Fitzmaurice had neked.

'How about the strike?" And the Alder-"How about the strike?" And the Alderman had answered: "Oh, the strike's off, I guess. Good merning, Mr. Lossing. While you're talking to Mr. Hollister, I want a word with Mr. Fitzmaurice and Mr. Hunter, I guess he and I will agree on this business, though we don't always. Hey, Mr. Hunter!"

"I heard something down town last night that made me open my eyes. The idea of their cooking up such a thing when my back was turned! Well, I ddn't lose no time. I went straight to Hollister

and goes off at half cock, but he's honest as the sun. But Luke Wigger went into this hoping to git his job back—that's Luke—or to git money if he couldn't. You got to bluff him or you got to buy him. Hollister wouldn't buy him, so, seeing I know a thing or two about brother-Wigger, I biuffed him. Never mind how! His only chance to git any kind of a job is from us, and we've got him. Then I told Robb, Johnny Meilin and I, or you can put it, Johnny told Robb and I, the real state of things, and I added a little, and we went to the office. The old man saw us. Whenever there was any hitch, I told 'em a stoyy, and—well, before we went the old man had his cigars out, and I guess Robb knows it's better sometimes to zettle a strike than to let her flicker.

"He's after a reputation as a peacemaker with honor now. But we got to hustle this afternoon, all of us, and git our men logether, and then Robb will give 'em taffy, and Hollister has promised a little bit, and we'll have the meeting and settle the strike flat! See"

They were all three (for Billy was flattered deeply by the way the Alderman asked his opinion on subjects of which he knew a good deah discussing how to see the most men and do the most in the shortest time when Harry Lossing returned. Some of Hollister's speeches were sticking in his brain. "Look here, Lossing, you may say what you please, that Irishman has got something more than boodle in him —this was one of them—"the way he managed me, was immense! And I'm hanged if I don't believe he was disinterested in the affair. He'll get knifed by Timberly for his meddling (a true prediction), and I don't see that he attands to gain a thing except the consciousness that he's been decent!" With these words puzziing him, Harry went straight at the fence.

"You ever seen a big strike, young

wasn't sure how you would feel, Mr. Jinnis, says he. McGinnis," "You ever seen a big strike, young

Hey, Mr. Hunter!"

"I heard something down town last night that made me open my eyes. The idea of their cooking up such a thing when my back was turned! Well, I didn't lose no time. I went straight to Hollister and saw how he felt; he knew I would give him straight goods and treated me nice, and I got him to promise to see the committee, Robb and all!"—he winked the yeu farthest from Billy slowly at the young man on the front seat; and Tommy nodded gravely, to imply that he appreciated how far gratified vanity might work with a young labor leader—"then I saw Wigger"—this time Billy was included in the wink, and the clow on the cushion rail moved a hand suggestively in the molder's direction—"I guess we all understand what Luke wants, he wants to be greased! And I guess, if the truth was known, he's pretty near the bottom of this trouble. Robb is ambitious and young.

"You ever seen a big strike, young man?"
"Yes, I know what it is."
"Well, now, take it in. This is the ward that I represent, to the best of my humble ability. As long as I'm representing it. I go for what will help and for—against what will hunt it. Every time, that strike, Hollister's hard, some ways, and desperately aggravating; but he's honest, and he does a good many fair things. Strikers have got to have a how!there's the hard feelings, and the boys greased! And I guess, if the truth was known, he's pretty near the bottom of this trouble. Robb is ambitious and young.

and the little bits of furniture going to the auction room; and quarrels between friends—it's the very devil!"

"But Timberly?" Tommy said this.
"Timberly he hanged," said the Alderman, with deliberation.
"You haven't broken with Tim?" cried

Tou haven't broken with Tim?" cried Tommy.

"I just have, then," said the Alderman, "between Mike McGinnis gitting an office, no matter how good, and the Eighth ward going without meat for supper and having to seil its cabinet organs and sewing machines and losing the little houses that ain't quite paid for—the office ain't in it, that's all I got to eay!"

"Good leather!" shouted Tommy, and he wrung the Alderman's hand. Billy, blushing violently, held out his own.

"You talk God's truth, Alderman," cried he, "and if you'll run for anything from President down. I'll feel honored to work for you. And Mr. Lossing can't blame me."

for you. And Mr. Lossing can't blame me."

Harry laughed and said somehting about being glad to work with McGinnis that day himself; and paid him a neat compliment with an ingenuous flush on his own young cheeks. Then, in turn, he held out his hand.

"Oh, that's all right," said McGinnis, looking rather surprised, and it was several years before he understood entirely all that simple gesture meant from young Lossing. "Well, I see Father Mahandown the street and I must git him after the boys. See you later, gentlemen." Billy's eyes followed him across the macadam. "He's a good man!" sighed Billy, from the depths of a grateful heart.

"I think, myself, that the recording an-

Billy, from the depths of a grateful heart.

"I think, myself, that the recording angel can afford to do considerable blotting for Michael McGinnis on account of this day's work." says Harry. "He has a conscience, after all. And, Tem. I've been thinking this morning. I begin to see why Mac is so popular. If we fellows would study some of the machine methods, without dropping any of our principles, either, we mighta't find election such a blamed cold day."

Tommy did not return the expected smile. "I've been thinking, too," said Thomas Fitzmaurice, "If it's right for him to sacrifice his own interests and risk his popularity for the good of the ward, why isn't it right to do as much and sacrifice the interests of the ward, too, if necessary, for the good of the whole town."

But that's municipal good government.

town?"
But that's municipal good government. That's reform!"
"Oh, Lord! I guess I'll have to go for it." greaned Tommy.
And thus, in one Sunday morning, did Alderman Michael McGinnis lose a good office, avert a strike, and unconsclously plant the seed that was to convert the brightest of his machine politicians, slowly but surely, into a reformer.



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point the committee that was the best be could do." His wife looked at him wistfully "If they strike, will it be a long strike, Billy"

Eilly Hunter, all night, was haunted by snatches of his own speeches against the arbiter of the Eighth ward.

Before Harry had finished his breakfast

How about the strike?

long strike, Billy"
"God knows! I went to see Harry Lossing, and says he: Don't you let the hotherds fool you. Hollister's got his mad up, he's going to run his business or quit. He knows where he can get some new men and if you strike, he'll get them. You boys will maybe fight a week, a menth, two months; and then you will have to go back on his terms, or you won't have the chance to go back at all."

won't have the chance to go back at all."

Judith clasped her hands together involuntarily. "But if you strike, how will we pay for the house."

"We can't pay for the house. Not unless—" He hesitated, and she completed the word for him: "Not unless my brother could pay you back what you lent him. But he'll be out of a job, too."

Judith found no word for cheer, but she did not ask him whether he could not keep at work whatever the others did. The workingman's wife recognizes the workingman's code of honor as well as he. "There's only one man," said Billy, who can do anything; that's Alderman

workingman's code of honor as well as he. "There's only one man." said Billy, "who can do anything; that's Alderman McGinnis—"
"Oh, Billy, won't he? But they say he's a bad man and you got some of the boys to vote against him.
"I don't know, that's what Mr. Lossing said, and young Harry; and you living so long in their family and they giving us such nice presents, of course, I wanted to work like he asked; and I didn't think it was right spending so much money on the streets—though I may be glad enough to come to a street job myself, little as I ever thought it." he added, with a groan. "I wish I hadn't gone against him now, for I got to go to see him, with Fitzmaurice and young Lossing, tomorrow."
"Will he help you do you think Billy?"

you and the kid," said Hunter, he his head toward the open door, a which one could see a criddle-"Are they going to strike, then?" as had. They voted to send a tee to Hollister and ask him to their differences to an arbitration tee, or they'll strike Monday Holwon't listen to them. Not to y, I guess, and not to Robb and tigger, anyhow. He sent Luke off ago, and the other man is Johnny who's mild as skim milk and was to represent us. He'll set there red in the face and sny, "That's it whoever speaks last."

If you speak to them, Billy? Did the things you were going to?" face grew red. "Yes, I did, and hadn't, I never made a speech beat feit so worked up about this I i could talk to the boys; lest give in sense, how this here strike ain't how on God's earth of succeeding; all say you got a fool for a hus-ii I could get out was some fool boult a strike that failed was worse a strike; and then Robb, he got up and with such a lot of fine, big about organized labor and the mion behind us and capital already run; and he worked 'em up about aw feilers (and they are a disgrace; an't mange their blast no how; y may be killing somebody any mad he got the boys fighting mad; called nie his cautious friend—like coward! And then they all heiffu see he's got such a way with little, smilling, white-teethed feller art as a steel trap, and there ain't be see himself it's crazy?"

lees we've got \$2000 in the treasury, we've been cut down and cut his winter; and he sees Hollister's me big orders on now; and that's does see. If you tell him Hollister's me big orders on now; and that's does see. If you tell him Hollister's me big orders on now; and that's does see. If you tell him Hollister's me big orders on now; and that's does are spite their faces before by don't do it all the same, and ar can't buff him. I don't think wit so had as they make out. But ut the devil's own temper, when his mad up. They'd have struck by same night if it hadn't been for Fitzmaurice." "Will he help you, do you think, Billy?"
"I ain't much hope. You see he's after an oil or lard or some kind of inspectorship, good pay and awful little work; and Timberly can get it for him; and I'mberly's for the strike and I bet he won't mad Timberly and the be's, too."
"But why is Mr. Timberly for striking?"
Don't he know—"
"He don't care, Judy. He's running for

Don't he know—"He don't care, Judy. He's running for he Legislature and he wants the labor he Legislature and he wants the labor lote, so he's making a big splurge."
"How smart you are, Billy, about such hings," said the wife, proudly. But the unfeigned praise only brought a dark cloud to the man's brow. "I was orgetting another bad thing," said he. Morris, the foreman, he is going to Illinois, to his wife's folks; he's got a job here, and he told me today he recommended me to the bose, and he as much as said he'd speak about me to Hollis-it—"

N same night if it hadn't been for Fitzmaurice.'
he don't belong to the union." said
Whe was now seated by her huslistening with absorbing interest;
he get in?"
he we've had him for a lawyer,
he worked for nothing and he
poor boy that's worked up; and he
by has done well by us. Well, he
he, in time to see Robb wipe up
with me, and he made a speech;
just got back to town this afterwith Alderman McGinnis, and he
prepared to speak but he hoped
ould give themselves time to see
clear. Two things was nocessary,
a good cause and a fighting
to win; so he got them to ap-"Oh. Billy, do you call that bad news? It would be \$15 a month more: it would pay the payments on the house!"
"And do you think" said Billy, bitterly, "do you think that they'll be making a striker a foreman? No, they'll bring a strange feller, and put him over us!"
He got up he began to walk the floor in strong agitation. "Then, it ain't all that-it's more: I've worked at the Holidars, man and boy, for about fifteen

Billy Hunter, all night, was haunted by snatches of his own speeches against the arbiter of the Eighth ward.

Before Harry had finished his breakfast next morning, the workingman was at the house, and the young reformer did not keep him waiting. It was barely \$20 that Sunday morning when Harry was seen by the neighbors driving his father? light surrey and the fast gray horse (with Billy Hunter on the back seat) at a ratifling pace down the hill.

They went first to Tommy Fitzmanurice's. Tommy (at the period which I am writing) was a ward politician, and in spite of Harry's ferry eloquence and his own affection for Harry, quite content with his moral lot. Now, although he joined the two at once he gave Harry the corner of a wet blanket in his greeting.

"I'll tell you." said he, with rather a shamefased expression, "I don't know which way Mae is going. I hope he looks at the strike the way I do and that's the way you do, but I'm under too big obligations to Mae to fight him in this and risk his job, and that's the truth."

"But have you considered what mischief a hopeless strike like this will work?" began Harry eagerly.

"I haven't slept two winks this night, considering nothing else," growled Tommy; but I ain't fixed to fight Mac, and I don't want to, either.

"And what will Mae do?" said Harry, blung off a useless argument at his elgar end, biting it hard.

"That I can't say," Tommy answered. "I was there right after the meeting liast night. He wasn't home. They said he had gone to Meyers. The son was after him with a story of his mother being dead—and I guess," added Tommy meditatively, "that the Alderman is about the only person in the world who ever gives them a civil word, and he does it from habit without knowing."

It was a relief to be diverted by the Meyers house, the scolding-stock of the ward, a lean and livid two-story tenement, where, plainly, tenamis did their own repairs and patched the rickety ourside staircase and mended the crooked windows from the Meyers Junk heap.

"Hello, Meyers!" halled T The Whinners had a teaspoon of a gar-

had often brought to see the widow; "we are looking for McGinnis in hopes he can do something to stop it."

"That he can, and that he will," declared the widow, earnestly; he is a good man, Michael McGinnis. And the influence he has is wonderful. Though why shouldn't he have, when he's always helping somebody? But I heard yesterday the men were terribly stirred up, and I've been that distressed, I can't quiet my mind at all."

"But," said Harry, rather stopidly, "I thought your sons weren't at the Holister."

The wildow took A.

thought your sons weren't at the Hollister."

The wildow looked surprised. "No, to be sure, sir, God be thanked! Did you think it was for myself I was scared? Oh, it ain't for me and mine; it's for all the sore hearts there! I be in this neighborhood. Poor Mrs. Whinneys, she was crying over it this very morning. The boys'll be on the street from morning till right, says she, and God knows what'll happen!" You've heard of her trouble? "Twas the strike made the fight. And Molly Alken, the dressmaker, she was worrying how she wouldn't have no work—oh, there's more misery than just losing wages comes from a strike; and so I told the Alderman."

"I hope he agreed with you, Mrs. Hoff-

wages comes from a strike; and so I told the Alderman."

"I hope he agreed with you, Mrs. Hoffman." Bill spoke out of his anxiety, meeting her eye at that second.

"He says, 'Don't you fret, Mrs. Hoffman, It'll all come right in the wash!' You know his joking way. And I'm hoping more now."

Billy's own hopes began to warm his heart again. He left the widow's comforted. But Harry Lossing frowned. Tommy's handsome Irish face was as impassive as a mask.

They drove to many places after the Alderman. They heard of more than one saying and doing of his Here It was a joke and there a shrewd bargain, and most often a trivial, good-natured kindness. But they did not find him. And presently Fitzmaurice, who had grown thoughful, spoke testily. "I hope to the Lord Mac am't lying low, waiting for the cat 'io jump before he commits himself. But it looks like it. If he is, it's all up with heading off the strike."

"Maybe he's in Moseley's, suggested Billy, 'he goes there sometimes; or maybe home."

be home."
Moseley kept the corner grocery, He was sunning himself on his store steps, smoking one of his own "elegant cigars," which he retailed at a nickel aplece.
"Mae?" he said "Why, certainly. I see him not two hours ago; he was driving by with Capt, Timberly."
"Much obliged," said Tommy, Harry's jaw dropped.
"Say, they're going to have a strike at Hollister's," the grocer continued, white the two young men stood uncertain. "I

"Say, they're going to have a strike at lollister's," the grocer continued, while he two young men stood uncertain. "I tope not. Strike's a fearful bad thing for usiness, fearful I got a lot of Hollister nen on my books. They're good pay; here ain't no better pay than workin' eople; but when you ain't got the money—where are you?"
"That's right," said Tommy, "good morning." He looked at Harry. Harry was riving very fast. "What's your next nove?" said he.

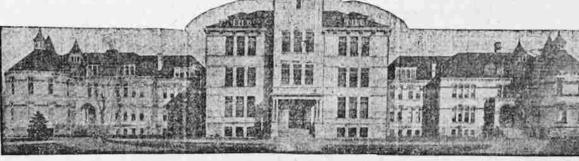
irlying very fast. "What's your next nove?" said be. "I'm going to Hollister himself," said

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